

# Oneida Circular.

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The O. C. and Branches are not "Free Lovers," in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system BIBLE COMMUNISM or COMPLEX MARRIAGE, and hold to freedom of love only within their own families, subject to Free Criticism and the principles of Male Continence. In respect to permanency, responsibility, and every essential point of difference between marriage and licentiousness, the Oneida Communists stand with marriage. Free Love with them does *not* mean freedom to love to-day and leave to-morrow; nor freedom to take a woman's person and keep their property to themselves; nor freedom to freight a woman with offspring and send her down stream without care or help; nor freedom to beget children and leave them to the street and the poor-house. Their Communities are families, as distinctly bounded and separated from promiscuous society as ordinary households. The tie that binds them together is as permanent and sacred, to say the least, as that of marriage, for it is their religion. They receive no new members (except by deception or mistake), who do not give heart and hand to the family interest for life and forever. Community of property extends just as far as freedom of love. Every man's care and every dollar of the common property are pledged for the maintenance and protection of the women and children of the Community.

## ADMISSIONS.

These Communities are constantly receiving applications for admission which they have to reject. It is difficult to state in any brief way all their reasons for thus limiting their numbers; but some of them are these: 1. The parent Community at Oneida is full. Its buildings are adapted to a certain number, and it wants no more. 2. The Branch-Communities, though they have not attained the normal size, have as many members as they can well accommodate, and must grow in numbers only as they grow in capital and buildings. 3. The kind of men and women who are likely to make the Communities grow, spiritually and financially, are scarce, and have to be sifted out slowly and cautiously. It should be distinctly understood that these Communities are not asylums for pleasure seekers or persons who merely want a home and a living. They will receive only those who are very much in earnest in religion. They have already done their full share of labor in criticising and working over raw recruits, and intend hereafter to devote themselves to other jobs (a plenty of which they have on hand), receiving only such members as seem likely to help and not hinder their work. As candidates for Communism multiply, it is obvious that they cannot all settle at Oneida and Wallingford. Other Communities must be formed; and the best way for earnest disciples generally is to work and wait, till the Spirit of Pentecost shall come on their neighbors, and give them Communities right where they are.

## "CLING TO THE MIGHTY ONE."

Cling to the Mighty One,	Ps. lxxxix., 19.
Cling in thy grief;	Heb. xii., 11.
Cling to the Holy One,	Heb. i., 22.
He gives relief;	Ps. cxvi., 9.
Cling to the Gracious One,	Ps. cxvi., 5.
Cling in thy pain;	Ps. lv., 4.
Cling to the Faithful One,	1 Thess. v., 24.
He will sustain.	Ps. xxviii., 8.
Cling to the Living One,	Heb. vii., 25.
Cling in thy woe;	Ps. lxxxvi., 7.
Cling to the Living One,	1 John iv., 16.
Through all below;	Rom. viii., 38, 39.
Cling to the Pardoning One,	Is. iv., 7.
He speaketh peace;	John xiv., 27.
Cling to the Healing One,	Exod. xv., 26.
Anguish shall cease.	Ps. cviii., 3.
Cling to the Bleeding One,	1 John i., 7.
Cling to His side;	John xx., 27.
Cling to the Risen One,	Rom. vi., 9.
In Him abide;	John xv., 4.
Cling to the Coming One,	Rev. xxii., 20.
Hope shall arise;	Titus ii., 13.
Cling to the Reigning One,	Ps. xcvi., 1.
Joy lights thine eyes.	Ps. xvi., 11.

[Selected.]

## HYGIENE FOR THE HEAD.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

IT is a notable fact that the American people are peculiarly subject to nervous disorders engendered by too much headwork. There is a strong tendency among us to epidemic insanity and paralysis. As the country advances in civilization this danger becomes more and more apparent. A disorder so universal deserves universal discussion, and I will present what I think about its cause and cure.

The head is made a great *sinner* by overwork, and its troubles are the penalty of this excess. It is worked many ways greatly out of proportion to its actual merit and place in the general scale of our faculties.

We must not think of the head as merely the seat of the brain—the organ of the intellect. There are in the head, not only the organs of the mind, but all the organs of the senses; the mouth, the nose, the eyes, and the ears belong to the head. Here is the seat of our sensations in eating and drinking, and it is a question whether the strength of the passion of alimentiveness does not lie here more than in the stomach. Amativeness has also a place in the head. A great part of the electric fire of love passes by means of the eyes and the lips. A person is quite as likely to get love-bedecked by his head as by his heart; and I have no doubt that many people think themselves in love when really only their heads are bewitched.

The head, more than all the rest of the being, is in communication with external matter. It is in constant intercourse with worldly things—seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling and imagining; for here are the thoughts and imaginations which play the greatest part in the game of reciprocal dealing with things material.

The head, we may say, is the mediator between the heart or internal life and "all out doors." In consequence it gets very much involved, and can only be redeemed and brought into a state of health and peace by being cut off and withdrawn from the world, from time to time, by the influence of the heart.

Our health and peace depend not on communication with the external world, but on communication with the internal world. Thus we see that the overworked head gets into a false spiritual position, and the true order of our faculties is inverted. The world prevails over the head, and the head prevails over the heart; which is the same thing as having the children rule the woman, and the woman the man. The heart should have a firm hold on God; then God would rule the heart, the heart would rule the head, and ultimately the head would rule the external world. But until the head has found its strength in its subjection to the heart, it ought to be withdrawn from the poisonous influences of the external world. Yet we cannot expect the head will take the true attitude until the heart leads off in the reform, by yielding itself in loyal devotion to God.

What do physicians commonly prescribe as the remedy for overtaxed brains and nervous systems? They say that the right equilibrium must be established by more exercise of body. You must set yourself hard at work chopping wood, or walk five or six miles a day, or go into some very active business. That is, you must restore the balance by exercising the muscles—the animal part of your system. It is true that you will partially remedy the evil in this way; but don't you see that this method seeks to restore the balance by setting at work a part of the nature that is really inferior to the head? You will find, in the long run, if you are following this course *for the sake* of getting life so as to go on again with brainwork, that you are only taking another method of exalting the head, which will prove in the end, insufficient for the purpose.

I have no confidence in keeping the balance, nor in regaining it when lost, by mere exercise of the limbs in work. The real loss of balance is not between the head and the external, muscular life; but between the head and the inner life, and it must be restored by an increased action of the heart toward God, until that organ is able to take possession of the head and lead it in moderation. Boating, ball-playing, wood-chopping, &c., only increase the outward expansion, and can never therefore really overcome the tendency to over-expand the head. This can be done by nothing except the grace of God, which shall so regenerate our hearts that they will take care of our

heads, and draw them out of the hurly-burly of sensation.

What we want is not more exercise of the muscles, but *wise hearts*. A wise heart was Christ's peculiar characteristic. He had a great head, but he had a greater heart. He did not make great account of exercise; he does not tell us to go boating and ball-playing, nor does he advise us to cultivate the intellect; but nearly all his precepts are directed to the right working of the heart. His scheme of education for himself and others is that a wise heart will make a wise head. Let us be patient and subdue the head to the heart, for by so doing we shall have in time wise heads. A wise heart and a wise head will make a wise and happy body.

### GO BACK TO THE TRUE CHURCH.

[Selected from G. W. N.'s Writings.]

GOOD things, we scarcely need to remind our readers, are liable to be misrepresented through ignorance or design. Your true bill makes the ground and inducement for counterfeits. Christianity, probably more than any other good thing, has been exposed to that kind of juggling which passes off the name without the power. Satan's game is, first to oppose and persecute the truth, and when that fails, then to mix up with it and become its special expounder and representative. As long as the apostles were in the field this manoeuvre could not be practiced on Christianity to any great extent; but after the Second Coming, when the true believers were withdrawn from the earth, there was nothing to prevent reprobate spirits from joining the church and taking the lead of the (so called) Christian world. From this position they would of course misrepresent Christianity—effect a general depreciation of its doctrines and character—and destroy all confidence in its vitality and power by flooding the world with worthless counterfeits. Let us take an example from the actual history of this period.

In the Primitive Church Salvation from Sin was a fixed fact—the only recognized standard of Christian experience. The great facts of the gospel, the death and resurrection of Christ, were *proved* to be all-potent in working that result. John, the last apostle, raised his voice clear and high, "*He that is born of God doth not commit sin—He that committeth sin is of the devil!*" But immediately after the Second Coming and end of the apostolic age the standard began insensibly to lower—the testimony of the church flatted; and so smooth and effectual was the decline, that in a few generations the church was found not only confessing sin, but actually glorying in the standard of the condemned legalist, "When I would do good evil is present with me!" This has continued to be the general position of the nominal church almost down to the present time. The trouble evidently was that Satan at a very early period got into the church—probably among the venerable "Fathers" of the first age; and in that guise gained the spiritual lead of Christendom, and by a very easy process sunk the whole testimony and character of religion to where it is.

But we must observe, that Jesus Christ and the apostles are in no wise responsible for the imposition which has taken place under their name. They did all that could be done to forewarn the world of this counterfeit operation and put men on their guard against it. The Second Coming was plainly announced to take place within the apostolic age, when all true believers then on the earth would be withdrawn to live with Christ in heaven. Thus the continuance of a true visible church was to be suspended, and that at a time, as was specially predicted, when the world would be rife with antichrists and deceivers. If the world, under the persuasions of these antichrists and deceivers, have rejected Christ's plain information about the Second Coming, and permitted them to pass as the successors and representatives of the apostles, who is to blame? Certainly not the writers of the New Testament. Those who take the counterfeit under such circumstances must bear the loss.

The only way for Christendom to retrieve the ruinous bankruptcy which it has been betrayed into, is to go back and pitch overboard, as it goes, all the teaching pretending to represent Christianity between this and the apostolic age—go back and accepting Christ's solemn affirmations about the Second Coming—take a new start from that point. There is no safe resting-place anywhere short of it. Every thing is weak and worm-eaten—composed of human tradition and hearsay—leading through dark ages and popish superstitions, clear back to the first century after the apostles, and that as bad as any. We shall never find a firm place for our foot, till we plant it again on the clear word of God, back of all that is called Christianity since the Second Coming.

### THE GOODLIEST PEARL.

JESUS likened the kingdom of heaven unto "a merchant-man seeking goodly pearls; who, when he had found one of great price, went and sold all that he had and bought it." I love this parable.

It scarcely needs a score of years to teach one that life is to us according to the pearl we seek; for we are always "seeking goodly pearls." It takes sometimes far more than a score of years to learn which is the goodliest pearl. Now we think it is beauty—dress and admiration; now fame—or the love and praise of fellow-beings; anon riches; yet again knowledge, deep and far-searching. Often esteeming such and such "a pearl of great price," and selling all to get it, we find it but a bauble and no real jewel. After a few cheats of this sort we learn what are the gewgaws.

Many pearls that we seek as such are real pearls, but not the goodliest pearl; and if we sell all that we have for them, we are paying too high a price. Riches, knowledge, the love of those around us, are pleasant things to desire; yet if we obtain them all they will not make for us the kingdom of heaven in our hearts.

At last we find "the pearl of great price." It is the love and approbation of God—it is unity with Christ. When we have sold all that we have for this we have made the great bar-

gain of our lives, and nobody has been cheated but the devil. The glory of our successful trade gives us a reputation for shrewdness that is a benefit to us wherever we go. We are accounted wiser than some others. Everybody sees that we have more peace and joy than those who have not made the like bargain; hence many are tempted to do as we have done. This adds to our already great happiness.

Sometimes we come across our "pearl of great price" unexpectedly, and by a sudden impulse sell all that we have for it. Our estimation of its value is a splendid inspiration. So sudden has been the find and possession, mayhap we afterwards momentarily forget our ownership, and from mere habit go to seeking riches, knowledge, or somebody's love, as the one thing needful to our happiness. If we cannot get them we imagine ourselves very unhappy. This is a sad dream that we are tempted into by those who envy us the possession of our treasure. There always comes a pleasant awakening. In the midst of some silly, painful dream of this sort we recollect that we already have the goodliest pearl, and discover that, if we will, it can make us all glorious within. We have not long possessed our pearl before we find that, like a magnet, it draws all other pearls to it. We bargained better than we knew. When we bought it, we also bought all the pearls that are worth having.

Blessed is he who has the goodliest pearl.

A. E. H.

### THE BELIEVER'S WORK.

IN the early stages of the believer's confession of Christ a whole Savior, and before egotism has been mortally weakened, there is a strong tendency for the "I spirit" to overrule and suppress his inspiration by old thoughts and feelings and habits. At first he is unconscious of the great change involved in his confession. He does not realize that he has virtually entered eternity. Time and the institutions of the world still color his spiritual perceptions. Former modes of thought influence the current of inspiration. Customary feelings warp his spiritual judgment. Old and long-continued habits check and grieve the free Spirit of Truth. This only aggravates his case. He sees that his confession is not attended with results such as he had reason to expect. Introspection leads him slowly to perceive that his old life is the incubus which he must throw off; but so very tenacious is its spirit that he at first almost despairs of parting company with it. He had not counted the cost of confessing Christ a whole Savior. And now, as his spiritual perceptions are awakened, and he begins to see that his confession involves the absolute surrender of himself with all that he has—separating him from the world, ignoring every thing of his old life, reducing him to the state of a little child, and substituting the will of God in the place of the will of the old man—he becomes conscious that only the strong arm of God can hold him up and carry him through the ordeal. Egotism begins to shrink.

The old life with all its habits must succumb. He sees that as a child of God he ought to be free. He sees his own weakness, discovers Christ's strength, and with no confidence in his own individual ability separate from Christ's, he melts into the tenderness of a little child, goes home in his heart to Christ, and yields to the will of God, seeing that Christ's victory may be his as the gift of God. Henceforth he obeys the volition of the Spirit of Truth in him. His confession is now attended with good results. Weaned from everything that stood in the way of the growth of Christ in him, his spirit rejoices always; and as he moves on from one victory to another, surmounting all difficulties that beset his path, he finds the confession of Christ a present, indwelling, perfect Savior, the alpha and omega of his work. M. L. B.

New York, Aug., 1872.

#### ABOUT THE FEVER-AND-AGUE.

NOT a very cheerful subject perhaps you will say, but we have had so much amusement from the chance remarks of friends who have formerly encountered this enemy, as Christian encountered Apollyon, that we importuned some of them the other day to tell us on paper what it was like. To our surprise they, nearly with one accord, declared it to be impossible. It was the one subject from which they had forever retired in hopelessness of utterance. It was a door that they never expected to open. They all assured us that we must have it for ourselves in order to get any idea of it. We thought we should be satisfied to get *their* idea of it; but could obtain little more than shreds and patches of information. Among these, however, there is an explanation wholly new of the function of fever-and-ague, and the general testimony may not be uninteresting.

#### THE FEVER-AND-AGUE DEMON.

"I won't have it! I won't have it!" was the persistent cry of a little four-year old nephew, as he felt the dreaded fever-and-ague devil closing his icy grip upon him. Though I admired the heroism of the brave little fellow, as day after day he fought the principality with the same determined battle-cry, his struggles were of no avail; he was often forced to yield to the monster's grasp, which for hours racked and wrenched his little body as though intent on tearing it to pieces. Then came that terrible hell, the fever, which bade fair to consume what was left of the sufferer. Well, though my sympathies were fully awakened by the affliction of my young kinsman, I did not and could not know the depth of human misery into which he was plunged by the dreadful disease until a few days later. While on a journey of thirty miles in an open wagon and with scarcely a preliminary symptom, I was overtaken and prostrated by the same irresistible power. Yes, there could be no mistake about it, I had got it badly; and when my very bones began to rattle and I thought of the little sufferer I had left behind, I could with difficulty refrain from howling in the street. However, I had sufficient self-control to suppress my inclination lest I should alarm the country through which I was passing. For a time it was somewhat difficult to distinguish between the rattle of the wagon and the chattering of my teeth. And then that terrible grip in the small of the back! Great Cæsar! To cap the climax, I was left to walk a distance of three miles just as the fever was coming on! But, not to enter into details, suffice it to say, I reached my destination, but do not distinctly remember what took place afterward. I never felt that I was to be held responsible for all my actions during that period.

I have sometimes made the attempt to describe my feelings and imaginations whilst passing through a fit of ague and fever, but have as often failed. I cannot do it with anything of a feeling of satisfaction. A person must have half a dozen fits in order to know or properly appreciate it.

More than this, a three months' siege would not operate to throw much light into the mind, and a man might count himself lucky, if at the end of that period he did not find himself a kind of fever-and-ague mummy. However, I passed through my first siege, of perhaps eight fits, and came off with a whole skin. But the second attack, after an interval of three or four months—what shall I say about that? Well, I shall never again undertake the task of describing it. What there is left of me may be seen to this day, and how well I compare with my former self my friends who knew me previously can describe better than I. There was, however, one little incident that occurred during the last days of that experience which I can now call to mind. The rest remains a jumbled-up, indescribable mass. One day, on awaking out of a fit of delirium to a state of consciousness, I found myself lying on my back on the bare chamber floor, with my heels hanging down the stairway, and nothing on me but my shirt, which, as usual on such occasions, was wringing wet. How I came there was a mystery. Whilst revolving the subject in my thoughts, presently a faint recollection came into my mind of sliding off my bed, feet foremost, and of hitching across the chamber in the same prostrate attitude to the position I then occupied, with a sort of vague idea that I was skulking away from the fever-and-ague demon. One hitch more in the same direction doubtless would have precipitated me to the bottom of the stairs, and awakened me to a realizing sense of my condition. However, the fever-and-ague demon seemed to present itself to me in bodily form; the longer I gazed at the vision the more real it appeared. I have since had many a laugh over my hallucinations during my fever-and-ague campaigns; and though I barely escaped the mummy state, the impression remained that if there is such a thing as an evil principality back of disease then I was in that instance brought face to face with the fever-and-ague devil. H. T.

We can assure our readers that the fever-and-ague left considerable of H. T., for he has been a very serviceable, much-enduring man among us these twenty years. His characteristic exclamation: "Great Cæsar!" reminds us that a Shakesperian critic, who has had a brush with the fever-and-ague demon, raised the query among us not long ago whether Julius Cæsar ever had the fever-and-ague. We are told that he "bled for justice's sake," but did great Cæsar *shake* for the ague's sake? This is the important question in regard to Cæsar after all. "Bleeding for justice's sake" may be a mere pastime compared to being shaken by the ague as a dog shakes a rat. Let us put things in their true order. If Cæsar had the fever-and-ague, that was doubtless the time of his greatest crucifixion. The critic referred to thinks that Shakespeare intended without doubt to represent that "the foremost man of all the world" did fall into the clutches of the fever-and-ague demon of which H. T. speaks. See in proof the following quotation, taken from a passage in which Cassius is speaking contemptuously of Cæsar:

"He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark  
How he did shake: 'tis true this god did shake:"

Julius Cæsar, Act I., Scene II.

The Shakesperian critic, though reporting himself to be utterly unable to graze the subject of fever-and-ague by any adequate description, was once heard to say concerning

#### THE USES OF FEVER-AND-AGUE:

"I think I have found out what the fever-and-ague is good for. All things have their uses, you know. The Catholic Church has its inflictions of hair-cloth, peas in the shoes, &c., to crucify the flesh. Some diseases seem to have their use in killing folks outright, and others in reducing them. Well, what the fever-and-ague is good for is to bring a man just as near death as it is possible to go and yet not kill him; to flax him out completely and yet not actually kill him. That's a pretty good use. You *wish* you were dead. You follow after Paul's experience when he said, 'I die daily.' In the fever and ague you die every other day, and

if you had something to kill you the intervening day you would be up to Paul's standard."

After saying this the critic laughed till tears filled his eyes.

W. H. W. gives the following description of his FIRST INTERVIEW WITH THE FEVER-AND-AGUE:

My first fever-and-ague experience was in the early days of the Community, when the disease was regarded as an intruder that deserved anything rather than respectful consideration. As a consequence, I, the harbinger and victim of this ague demon, while dragging through one or two months of dismal, wretched life, seemed to be considered a proper butt for all the humorous remarks and jokes that persons saw fit to perpetrate upon me. My sorrow, woe-begone face was a standing temptation to sallies of wit. I was rallied for copying the color of my face as I chanced one day to be painting the side of a house, giving it a yellowish shade. A facetious lady, the widow of a doctor, sent me a poetical diagnosis of my case, and whether for rhyme or reason, I know not, I was told that my "biliary ducts" had overflowed; and the devil was called to an account, poetically and humorously, for plaguing me so.

The darkest hour came just before day. I remember it as an hour of utter hopelessness and misery, as the only time in life's journey when I thought it would be blissful to "shuffle off this mortal coil." But death came not to my relief—it was like the old man's definition of the spleen, that I heard lately, and that he said his wife was afflicted with: "It is," said he, "wanting to die and can't." The crisis of victory came with an irresistible impulse to take a plunge into a cold-water bath and though it gave my system a rousing shock; I emerged from the water in a glow and with sensations the most delightful ever remembered. The spell was broken, and I took a "new lease of life" from that time. W. H. W.

What W. H. W. says about desiring to "shuffle off this mortal coil" recalls a little passage between N. and M. M. had the fever-and-ague while N. did not. In fact N. had had no personal knowledge of it. It was, in consequence, easy for him to be very broadly consolatory. "It is a disease that never kills anybody," he said to the suffering M.

"O," groaned M., "that is the very thing of it; if it only would."

Another friend, who feels it to be quite impossible to tell what he knows about fever-and-ague, compares it to parental discipline. He says:

The fever and ague fully comes up to my ideal of chastening. When a child is to be punished the form is something like this:

Parent.—You intend to be willful and disobedient, do you?

Then comes the severe shaking or spanking, after which there is an intermission of quiet reasoning, then another application of violent correction, and the two processes proceed alternately until the desired result is accomplished. So the ague coming on every other day gives the active chastisement one day, and the alternate day of quiescence is like the time devoted to reasoning, in which one has opportunity to calmly determine and promise for the future to be a good boy. J. B. H.

Still another:

A lady friend, whom we questioned in regard to fever-and-ague, says:

All that I could think of or say when I came out of my fever was, "That horrible pit, that horrible pit, must I go down into it again?" I conceived of my blood as the banqueting hall of thousands and millions of infusoria which reveled in my torture all their long life of three diabolical hours.

The interesting thing about fever-and-ague, which we have had in mind throughout the foregoing, is its wonderful specific, quinine. If fever-and-ague is a lion, there is a lion-killer. God in his wonderful providence has shown to man, in an inconspicuous part of the world, a subtle power that will take fever-and-ague by the throat and end it as summarily as you would wring the neck of a chicken. The fever-and-ague may be the strong man armed, but quinine is the stronger and overcometh the strong man and bindeth him. The fact of the existence and discovery of such a specific for such a disease is a cause for infinite thought and a

cause for infinite rejoicing. It is an assurance that the tree of life, whose leaves are to be for the healing of the nations, is already in the world, and that it was by no means in God's design to leave man a helpless prey to the ravages of such wild beasts as fever-and-ague. More than this, it gives us a hint of God's wonderful thoroughness in furnishing the earth which he has made, and in equipping man for a life of security upon it. In the face of such an inspiring fact as the discovery of quinine, it is easy to believe that in his handiwork there is no incompleteness, no imperfection, no inadequacy. We have all things needful for overcoming evil, and Faith and Inspiration are fast finding them out. G.

## ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

WM. A. HINDS, EDITOR.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1872.

### SOCIALISTIC PHASES OF THE CAMPAIGN.

THERE are indications that Mr. Greeley's political enemies would be glad to make his early advocacy of Socialism tell against the Liberal-Republican-Democratic ticket. We have given this point a little study, and we are in doubt which party should be most interested in making Socialism an important question in the canvass. It seems to be assumed that the party whose leaders have had least to do with Socialism will have the better chance. That is fairly a debatable point; but if it were admitted, which party would then have the fairer prospect of success? It is difficult to determine. It is easy for the friends of Grant to ridicule Greeley for his Fourierism, and prove that he was an enthusiastic advocate in former years of radical changes in society; and there are others now in political accord with him who shared his early enthusiasm, like Charles A. Dana of the *New York Sun*. But there is nearly or quite as good reason for heaping ridicule upon leading men of the reëlection party on account of their past connection with the socialistic movement in this country. If one were asked to name the two men who are working most effectively against the election of Greeley, he would not shoot wide of the mark if he should say, George Wm. Curtis and Parke Godwin; and the old Fourier journals show how zealous they were as Socialists. We have before us a list of the writers for the *Phalanx* and *Harbinger*, with the number of articles which each contributed; and from this we learn that while Greeley had only two articles in those journals, George Wm. Curtis had ten, and Parke Godwin one hundred and fifty-two. We do not know what the present political standing of most of the old *Phalanx* and *Harbinger* writers is, but should guess that about half favor Grant and the rest Greeley. T. W. Higginson has lately expressed a preference for Grant, and he contributed ten articles to the old socialistic journals we have named. J. S. Dwight and George Ripley took the lead as contributors, but they have never distinguished themselves as politicians. Then follow Charles A. Dana and Parke Godwin, who are now ranged on opposite sides. Thirty years ago they were full of enthusiasm for the reorganization of society on the basis of Fourierism. Mr. Greeley's connection with the *Tribune* gave him a more commanding position of influence than Dana and Godwin, but he was really less active in the campaign than they—made fewer speeches, wrote fewer articles in advocacy of Fourierism, and attended fewer conventions. These three gentlemen were present at the great "Convention of the Friends of Association

in the United States" held in New York city in 1844; but Parke Godwin, who is now working so vigorously to defeat Greeley, reported and read the "Address of the Convention to the People of the United States," than which no more eloquent appeal in behalf of social reorganization was ever promulgated. Listen a moment to its clarion notes:

"To the free and Christian people of the United States, then, we commend the principle of Association; we ask that it be fairly sifted; we do not shrink from the most thorough investigation. The peculiar history of this nation convinces us that it has been prepared by Providence for the working out of glorious issues. Its position, its people, its free institutions, all prepare it for the manifestation of a true Social Order. Its wealth of territory, its distance from the political influences of older and corrupter nations, and above all, the general intelligence of its people, alike contribute to fit it for that noble *Union of Freemen* which we call ASSOCIATION. That peculiar Constitution of Government, which for the first time in the world's career, was established by our Fathers; that signal fact of our national motto *E Pluribus Unum*, many individuals united in one whole; that beautiful arrangement for combining the most perfect independence of the separate members with complete harmony and strength in the Federal heart—is a rude outline and type of the more scientific and more beautiful arrangement which we would introduce into all the relations of man to man. We would give our theory of State Rights an application to individual Rights. We would bind trade to trade, neighborhood to neighborhood, man to man, by the ties of interest and affection which bind our larger aggregations called States; only we would make the ties holier and more indissoluble.

"There is nothing impossible in this; there is nothing impracticable! We, who are represented in this Convention have pledged our sleepless energies to its accomplishment. It may cost time, it may cost trouble—it may expose us to misconception and even to abuse; but it must be done. We know that we stand on sure and positive grounds; we know that a better time must come; we know that the Hope and Heart of Humanity is with us—that Justice, Truth and Goodness, are with us; we feel that God is with us, and we do not fear the anger of Man. *The Future is ours—the Future is ours.* Our practical plans may seem insignificant, but our moral aim is the grandest that ever elevated human thought. We want the Love and Wisdom of the Highest to make their daily abode with us; we wish to see all mankind happy and good; we desire to emancipate the human body and the human soul; we long for Unity between man and man in true Society—between man and nature by the cultivation of the earth, and between man and God, in Universal Joy and Religion."

We assure those who oppose the election of Greeley that we have at hand a great deal of matter like the foregoing signed by their friends; and, on the other hand, we advise the Greeley party not to do in the matter of Socialism what they accuse certain leaders of the Grant party of doing in the matter of Know-Nothingism, viz., conceal the truth and tell lies about their past sayings and doings.

But the assumption that proof of past socialistic affiliations and proclivities should damage one's present political prospects may be reasonably questioned. It is said that "Nothing succeeds like success;" and we are ready to affirm that during the present century no cause has attracted to itself champions who have been as a class more successful, according to the common standard, than the early champions of Fourierism in this country. Horace Greeley, will be known as the author of a creditable "History of the Rebellion" and of several smaller works, and founder and editor of the *New York Tribune* whatever comes from his present political venture; Charles A. Dana will be remembered as a principal editor of the American Encyclopedia, a compiler and editor of one of our best collections of poetry. Assistant Secretary of War during the rebellion, a leading *Tribune* edi-

tor for many years, and editor-in-chief of the *New York Sun*; Parke Godwin has won fame as a writer of both prose and poetry, as the author of a "History of France," and as a leading editor of the *New York Evening Post*; George Ripley, the father of the Brook Farm experiment, has also made an honorable name as a writer and editor; Wm. H. Channing became a celebrated preacher after disavowing his connection with Socialism; John S. Dwight became the editor of the best musical journal in this country; Nathaniel Hawthorne has been pronounced by high literary critics as one of the best prose writers America has produced; George William Curtis stands very high in public estimation as a writer, speaker and politician; W. W. Story is known as a successful sculptor; T. W. Higginson as an able writer for the magazines, and so on. If these men failed as teachers and experimenters in Sociology, they have still not made a failure of life, according to the general standard. The prestige of success is with them; and if the present campaign is to turn on the point of past success the party which includes the greater number of the old socialistic leaders ought to win.

The fact that a candidate for any office has been a champion of Socialism should tell in his favor. It proves conclusively that he has not been thoroughly mercenary; that he has been capable of high aspirations for the good of his fellow-men; that his heart has been warmed by an unselfish enthusiasm. If Greeley is defeated we shall conclude that a principal reason is because he and his friends have allowed inferior elements to quench what was most noble in their natures—because they have been faithless to their first love, and so lost the power of inspiring the requisite enthusiasm and devotion in others.

Five hundred children died in New York, city and four hundred in Brooklyn in a single hot August week. Think of this, friends of humanity, students of sociology. Think of the anguish, the agony, the mortal suffering, that little item comprehends. Multiply by nine hundred the care, anxiety and anguish, caused to parents and friends by the death of one dear child! Each one of these little children cost its mother untold suffering to bring it forth, and incessant care to nurse and rear it during its few months or years of life. For each one we hope a father labored and toiled that it might have a home and education. And now death comes, and with one mighty stroke cuts them all down like the grass. The question then comes home, why is this suffering, this waste of human love and labor, permitted? To the students of sociology it is a question of tremendous significance. Setting aside many other aspects in which this question may be viewed, this much seems clear: Society must charge itself with the crime of producing many more children than it can take good care of, many more than can have the advantage of a good constitution to begin with, and afterward the surroundings of health—good air, good food and wise nursing. The wolf cannot get into the fold, and ravage and destroy the lambs of the flock, unless the walls are down or the shepherds too few and feeble to guard them. C.

"John Bull," everybody knows, is a "beef eater." "Englishman" and "beef" are as intimately associated in our minds as "German" and "lager beer." When therefore we read that mass meetings are holding in various places throughout England to protest against the high prices of meat and to provide measures of relief, and that many people are pledging themselves to abstain from meat, we are certain there is serious trouble a-brewing. English wrath over the high prices of



beef first expended itself on the butchers; but it was soon found that they were not mainly responsible for the rise that has occurred; that there is an actual scarcity of meat, occasioned partly by the operation of importation laws which, it is asserted, were enacted in the interest of the landed proprietors. The agitation is spreading, and is not likely to cease until radical changes are made in the present land and game laws. It is easy enough to say that those who own land have a right to make such use of it as they please; but when it is considered that the exercise of that right may, in such a densely populated country as England, deprive millions of food, one is excused for inquiring whether there be not superior rights. England has 20,000,000 acres in parks that feed no beef, and contribute comparatively little to the support of her millions, though ministering to the pleasure of the rich few. Sooner or later, it would seem, the interests of the few must be subordinate to the interests of the many. Thirty thousand persons will not continue long to be the landholders for thirty millions. Most fortunately the higher classes of England do not doggedly resist all measures favoring the elevation and well-being of the masses, and we may confidently hope that England will pass with little disturbance through the social revolutions awaiting her.

### COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

#### ONEIDA.

—Sunday evening we listened to a very interesting lecture by G. E. C. on the "Pulse." After explaining the difference between the natural, physiological state of the pulse and the diseased state, he gave several practical experiments, which besides being instructive were very amusing. He selected a number of persons from the audience as subjects, representing various ages ranging from six to eighty. This done, he began counting the pulsations, commencing at the eldest. A member of the orchestra about thirty years of age, an instance of low pulse, usually counting but about 50 beats a minute, surprised our lecturer on this occasion by a pulse of 92 beats a minute. "This man is very much excited," he remarked; "very much excited indeed; I can hardly account for it—he goes on to the stage every day, and yet his pulse has increased to a wonderful degree." The subject confessed to a perturbation at the idea of having his pulse counted. Another case was of a man noted for great coolness in cases of emergency. On the first trial, his pulse was beating at its ordinary speed of 70 beats a minute; he was given a glass of wine to drink, and in a few moments his pulse ran up to 92. A young woman upon being invited to sing a few notes showed a pulse of 116. Two young men after a few violent gymnastics showed 120 beats per minute. One lady counted a natural pulse after having addressed a few remarks to the audience; but upon being surprised by a kiss from the lecturer her pulse immediately rose 15 beats. Others showed a remarkable degree of coolness. We were sufficiently convinced that the pulse was controlled by the emotions, as well as by the physical condition of the person.

—Monday we were favored with some fine singing from Mrs. Pinkham, a member of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society. She is a fine vocalist, and has well studied her art. Speaking of the criticisms of the Peace Jubilee so common in the newspapers now-a-days, she mentioned the state of rivalry existing between the musical societies of New York and Boston. They cannot speak charitably of each other's musical ability, but take every occasion to utter keen, cutting criticisms. What a pity that music, the very name of which suggests to our minds harmony, should be the medium of the worst of all discords—envy and hatred!

—A friend while attending the late musical convention at Oswego heard the following conversation during the pauses in the performances, between a little boy and girl, each about six years old. They seemed to be puzzling themselves over the knotty question of Darwin as to the origin of the race, and especially anxious to solve the problem of their own existence:

*Little Girl.*—Well, then! how did Dr. Jones get me if I was made in heaven?

*Boy.*—I don't know, but you was'n't made on the earth: you was made in heaven, we *all* were.

*Girl.*—(Triumphantly), Yes, but how did Dr. Jones get me?

*Boy.*—I can't remember anything about it; you can't remember the first day, nor the second day, nor the third day.

*Girl.*—But if you were made in heaven, you might remember learning to walk; it is as hard for a baby to learn to walk, as it is for you to learn to walk on stilts; didn't you know it? And then, how did Dr. Jones get me?

*Boy.*—(Evidently nonplused). I don't know.

*Girl.*—Well, I don't.

Then, with a little ripple of a laugh, she added, "Is'n't it funny?"

*Tuesday, Aug. 27.*—In the afternoon we were entertained by recitals from one of our guests, Mr. Augustus Watters, Prof. of Elocution, from Newark, N. J. We were so much pleased with the few specimens he gave us that we invited him to spend the night with us and entertain the family in the evening. He very kindly accepted our invitation, and we were favored with the following programme—the music being furnished by our own amateurs;

1. VIOLIN AND PIANO
2. THE "SHOWMAN'S COURTSHIP." A. Ward.
3. THE "BRIDGE OF SIGHS." Hood.
4. SONG.
5. MENDING OF THE CHAPEL OF BALLYSLOUGHGUTHERY.
6. SCENE FROM MACBETH.
7. SONG.
8. IMITATION OF MARK TWAIN, DION BOURCICAULT AND CHAS. DICKENS.
9. SONG.
10. DUTCH LETTER.
11. THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

We regard Professor Watters as an artist of much merit. He is alike at home with the pathetic and comic. Without any effort at exaggeration of voice or gesture, he conveyed to us the spirit of what he was reciting. We might specify his imitation of Mark Twain as particularly amusing; the "Mending of Ballysloughguthery Chapel" was also given in the most graphic and mirth-provoking manner. Mr. Watters possesses the faculty (a little rare in professional elocutionists we have noticed) of fixing your attention on the style and matter of the author he is rendering rather than on himself.

—Tuesday evening just before 7 o'clock we were startled by a cry of distress in the direction of the R. R. station. We soon ascertained the cause. A little girl, niece of Mr. Bumstead, the station-master, while playing on a coal-car which was moving down grade for a few rods, fell between the cars, and was instantly killed. Her friends were in sight of the accident, and rushed to save her, but all attempts to restore life were unavailing. A number of our people went over, and sought to comfort and solace the relatives. The little girl, it seems, was on a visit with her grandparents, her father and mother remaining at home, in Ithaca. How to impart the news to her parents was a distressing question to them. But they at length decided to telegraph, following on the early morning train with the remains. It was a sad accident, and a sad commentary on the carelessness of allowing children to play on and about freight-cars.

—The latest imitation noticeable among the children is that of a military company. Ever since the picnic from Pulaski there has been no end to the martial fever. Rigged out in a uniform of striped pants, soldier caps and epaulettes con-

structed by the nimble fingers of the little girls, the boys may be seen marching around the lawn during play hours, with a wonderful emphasis of the left foot. They will learn to keep step if nothing more.

—The pear-orchard close by Spring Grove is subjected to the marauding operations of a red-squirrel. He is a dainty rogue, and in his thieving operations appears to care for nothing but the pear seeds. He chips off half of the pear, extracts the seeds, and leaves the other half with the chips to rot. I set a trap for him the other day, and, as I was at work hoeing a few rods off, I heard the trap spring; upon looking up I saw the rascal run up a tree and pick a pear and then run down and off in a twinkling. Since that he has sprung the trap three times without being caught. We must shoot the bothering parasite; for, he has already destroyed a sight of pears. H. J. S.

#### WILLOW PLACE.

*How We Did It.*—Between the Villa and W. P. Factory a new road fence was much needed. The Superintendent of the farm had already more jobs on hand than he could attend to, and yet we felt that something must be done toward replacing a shabby, broken-down fence with a new one. Accordingly a committee was appointed by the Business-Board to decide how to do it. A. B. suggested, that one or two old fashioned "bees after supper" would do up the job and make sport of it. Twenty-five years ago we did almost everything in "bees," and they have always been a great institution with us. Several of our line and road fences were constructed by them. It was not an uncommon feat to make from 20 to 40 rods of picket fence after supper. And the "bees" were heartily enjoyed; all who could were as anxious to attend a "bee" after supper as hop-pickers are to attend a dance in the evening after ten hours' work of stripping vines. The report of the committee was promptly accepted by the Business-Board, the materials for the fence were collected, and the first "bee" came off Friday evening, the 23d ultimo. More than twenty persons responded to the call for volunteers. After an early supper two omnibuses conveyed the enthusiastic workers to the scene of action, a mile and a half distant. Three men acted as foremen to direct the job and in less than five minutes every man and boy found a place to serve. Men at the factory and Villa had joined the "bee" so that workers extended over the whole line of thirty rods. Travelers stopped their teams as they passed to look at the novel scene before them, and many doubtless imagined that all hands were at work on a wager. Neighbors, too, on the opposite side of the road came out and sat on the grass to see the work. At the signal for quitting work the job was more than half completed. The night following the volunteers were again on the ground, having been previously invited to supper at the Villa after the bee should close. If possible the enthusiasm was greater than on the previous evening, and at twenty minutes before seven they were seen marching toward the Villa, where a bountiful supper awaited them. That ended, an impromptu "bee" of both sexes dispatched the dish-washing and dining-room work in a remarkably short time. For once our Villa parlor, sitting-room and reading-room combined was filled to its utmost capacity. The meeting-hour was agreeably passed; a few songs from the young folks and others were interspersed with short speeches, stories, etc. G. C.

#### NIGHT BREEZES.

DEAR CIRCULAR: Your contributor, H. T., has propounded a theory by way of accounting for the regularity of the night breezes during the hot weather. I will give you mine, though they are in reality closely connected. Most refreshing, truly, are these nightly visitants, so close upon the heels of the burning day. One is sorely tempted to make the most of them by turning night into day—

there is something so balmy about them. Now for the theory.

On the south of us there is a hill-country, and on the northwest the Oneida lake. This lake is no small body of water, being nearly thirty miles long and averaging several miles in width. Now I have noticed for years the play of the winds between the hills and the lake just as it is on the seashore in the tropics. In settled and clear weather the air of the hills during the day is so much warmer than that of the lake that the cooler air naturally moves towards it; hence the daily northwest breeze that sets in at about eight or nine and continues until nearly sundown. Then, as the hills cool faster than the lake, the air up there soon becomes cooler than the air of the lake, and the current as naturally sets the other way—forming the aforesaid nightly breeze, fanning us as it goes. The air is generally still morning and evening, while the wind is changing, or during the equilibrium of temperature (a trying moment, as we all know), which lasts for an hour or more.

Thus I account for this interesting feature of our climate upon the same principle, but upon a larger scale. But even were there no body of water like that of Oneida lake to support this theory, it is very probable that there would still be an alternation of breezes between the hill country of the South and the extensive flats of the North, familiarly known as the "seventy mile level."

R. S. D.

#### TIT FOR TAT.

*Juliet.*—Goodness! How flimsy the brussels are in this brush! I declare, I must have a new one.

*Belle.*—One would infer that your brush is made of a species of carpeting.

*Juliet.*—(Petulantly.) I should like to know why?

*Belle.*—How techy you are! You said "*brussels*," you know, when of course you meant *bristles*.

*Kate.*—Why don't you retaliate, Juliet? She called you "*techy*" just now, as though she had just emerged from the backwoods. I suppose she meant *touchy*. I wouldn't say anything more if I were her.

*Belle.*—Well, you can't say much now. How daringly you defy your Kerl and Brown and Smith and Bullion! "If I were *her*!" That's as bad as Mr. Mumblepeg's "I done it." I don't believe she'll catch you and I again, Juliet.

*Kate.*—Ha! ha! ha! "*Agane*" as broad as Mr. Pickwick's waistcoat; and if I had been in your place, I wouldn't have said so much about Kerl & Co., and then in the next breath put "you and I" in the objective with such *sang froid*.

*Juliet.*—There! you pronounced "been" as though you were addressing the Rev. Benjamin Smalltoes in a very familiar manner. How often "pride goes before a fall!"

*Belle.*—So it does; but there is nothing like having quotations properly applied. The *t* in your pronunciation of "often" is as conspicuous as Mrs. Partington's Sunday bonnet.

*Kate.*—Come, come girls, don't let's quarrel any way, if we never speak correctly.

*Juliet.*—I like that. I can't bear ill-natured fault-finding. It always makes one feel bad afterward and wish she hadn't spoken so.

*Belle.*—That's true. But what do you say to our making a compact to correct one another, whenever we can get a chance, for the sake of improving ourselves, and see if we can't do it in a way to provoke to love instead of giving and taking offence?

*Kate and Juliet.*—Agreed! Let's try it.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

#### A MORNING WITH THE FLOWERS.

BY CHARLES ELLIS.

THE Portulacas are the first to greet me, as they open their brilliant petals to the rays of the morning sun shining through the interstices of the evergreens opposite. I well remember the first bed of these gay flowers I ever saw, all single and of the same hue—a gorgeous display indeed, and yet how poor compared with the doubled, compound flowers, of rich and varied colors that now satisfy my sight.

Next the flaunting Zinnia attracts my eye; only a few years ago a single flower of modest mien, it now rivals the Dahlia in brilliant hues.

Ah! there is my old friend the Petunia: as unlike the puny little blossom I knew in auld lang syne as a modern belle in silk ribbons gay to a Puritan dame of yore. Beautifully veined with colors bright is the Petunia, a sweet presence in the garden.

And yonder the Dahlia nods his regal head, a gay fellow who has made his way from low estate to high society.

A turn in the walk reveals a bed of cheerful Phlox: which also had its small beginning. Its many colors and shades add much to the attractions of the garden.

The Coreopsis tinctoria was not many years ago a rare flower; now almost every cottage is brightened by its shining face, and new varieties appear yearly.

Here, too, are the many-hued lilies, and, more glorious yet, the roses—pink, red, crimson, white, yellow, with all the intermediate shades—all produced from a few single-rayed originals—with fragrance that might delight the angels.

But I need not particularize further. Nearly every flower that ornaments our gardens has been greatly improved, and is still subject to modification. No one can yet say what limits shall be set to science and culture. Their floral triumphs are apparently without end. But an appreciation of these should not make us forget those who have discovered in other lands and climes rare and beautiful plants and made them ours. What a gift was the Victoria Regia! Properly enough this Demarara beauty adorned the Crystal Palace in which was held the first World's Exposition.

#### THE CHECK-REIN.

New York, Aug. 19, 1872.

Of all the barbarities which fashion sanctions and sustains, one of the cruelest is the check-rein used on horses. An almost constant practical experience for twenty years in the care and handling of horses, from the blooded steed down to the cart-horse, has caused me to abhor the check-rein. Financially, artistically and morally considered, it is objectionable; and I am glad to see the subject brought before the public in a tract of eight pages, by Geo. T. Angell, President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The Secretary of that society, Frank B. Fay, 46 Washington St., Boston, offers to send packages of the pamphlet without cost to those who will distribute it to stable-keepers, teamsters, drivers and others who have to do with horses. If Mr. Angell's tract shall be the means of abating this useless and cruel custom, he will be entitled to the thanks of the whole horse fraternity and their owners.

By the use of the check-rein I wish to be understood as meaning the use of it in fastening a horse's head in an unnatural and painful position. To the use of such a rein to keep horses from getting their heads below their knees while working in fields of hay and grain I have no objection; but when you fasten the head above its natural

position while the horse is drawing a load, or running at full speed, you are losing money and doing a wrong.

Once while driving through a rough country I came to a hill, up which a man was urging a span of horses to draw a heavy load of lumber. The team was a high-spirited one; but having got the load about half way up the hill, the driver could urge it no farther. The horses fretted and danced, and champed their bits like animals fierce to go ahead; but go they would not. I got out of my buggy, and asked the man if he would let me drive them to the top of the hill while he took my horse. He readily consented to let me try. Having surmised what the difficulty was, I at once unchecked the animals, and with a horse-sigh of relief they stretched out their necks, and their restiveness instantly ceased. I patted them kindly, let them rest their necks a few seconds, and then took up the reins and gave them the signal to start. Without any hesitation or signs of fretting, they braced themselves into their collars and drew the load to the top of the hill with evident satisfaction. The torture of the unnatural cramping of their necks and their loss of power had so maddened them that they had become balky.

In order that a horse may exert his utmost strength, or use his shoulders with the greatest ease, his head and neck must be in the same direction as the line of draft; and if you fasten your horse's head above this, you lose money in just the proportion you cripple the horse's effectiveness, to say nothing about its tendency to shorten the horse's life by producing diseases of the brain and veins, owing to a suppression of the natural flow of blood to and from the heart and brain.

But I am happy to say that there has been great improvement among owners of draft-horses in this country during the last fifteen years, and the leaven is also working among the owners of carriage-horses. You now seldom see a check-rein on a draft-team in this city, and occasionally you see a carriage-team with no checks on; but the greater portion of the carriage-teams that daily drive through Central Park still suffer from the check-rein.

What is the object of the check-rein? Mainly the same which actuates the ladies to wear the hideous chignon or the figure-distorting pannier—for show. Occasionally the check-rein is ostensibly used to prevent stumbling; but my experience persuades me that this is a delusive idea, and that its tendency is rather to increase stumbling by so elevating the head that the horse cannot see where he is stepping. I agree with the editor of the London Horse-Book, who says:

"The check-rein is in nearly every case painful to the animal and useless to the driver; because it fastens the head in an unnatural posture, and as the horse's shoulders and head fall together cannot be of any real support in case of stumbling. There is an important difference between a *tight check-rein* and a *tightened rein*, although not generally understood. The first is injurious and cannot help the horse, while the latter is often useful because it is a *steady support* to the animal's head, from a distinct and intelligent source—the driver—whereas the former is only the horse's head *fastened* to his own shoulders. That the check-rein is inconsistent with the action of the horse's head, is clearly shown by the fact that *when a horse falls it is always broken.*"

If your horse is addicted to stumbling a tight reign may be useful, but a tight check-rein is detrimental.

But is the check-rein artistic? Is the show it produces a gratifying one? Any show that is caused by and attended with constant suffering on the part of the animal exhibited is neither pretty nor artistic; besides, the show it produces is like the chignon or pannier, a cheat, because it is unnatural.

The thorough-bred horse when in good condi-

tion, and traveling with no load at an easy pace, usually carries a high arched neck, which is very pleasing to the eye. He does this naturally and without the slightest touch of a check-rein. But increase his speed, or hitch him to a heavy load, and he at once straightens his neck and lowers his head to a greater or less extent. Now the check-rein is used on most carriage-horses to cause them to assume the appearance of thorough-breeds; but their necks are as differently made as those of the bull-dog and greyhound, and to try to cause one to assume the appearance of the other by use of check-reins is abortive, unseemly and cruel. Scientific propagation is what is needed and not check-reins.

The painful position of the neck caused by the check-rein tends to sour the horse's disposition, making him restive and irritable, thus rendering a naturally kind and safe horse entirely unsafe for boys and women to drive.

Thus we see that the tendency of this fashion is to cripple the effectiveness of the draft-horse and make him balky; to produce disease; to cause him to stumble; to make him appear inartistic, because constrained; and to spoil his disposition, and render him unmanageable.

But within a few years a check-rein has come into use quite extensively for a certain class of horses far surpassing the old check-rein in exquisiteness of torture, and which has either escaped Mr. Angell's notice or for which he thinks there is no remedy. He does not even mention it in his tract. You see it many times a day here in New York, and its use is constantly on the increase. I refer to the "Jackson check." Instead of pulling partly on the horse's jaw, as does the common check-rein, this check passes directly over the top of the horse's head, thus bringing the pressure to bear entirely on the corners of the mouth, which are extremely tender. With the common check-rein the horse will at times relieve the pain in his neck in a slight degree, by hanging his jaw on the bit, and so changing the pain from one part of the body to another; but with the "Jackson check" this cannot be done owing to the extreme sensitiveness of that part of the mouth into which the bit is drawn and held by this check.

While walking up Broadway a few days since I called the attention of a friend who was with me to a passing horse that had on one of these things of torture. His eyes were glaring, and his head rolling from side to side, in a manner indicative of intense suffering. It was evidently maddening to him, and yet he was bound completely, and could not get away from it for one object of this check is to prevent horses from running away. It is used on mild kickers, hard-mouthed horses, and high spirited horses that have strong tendencies to become easily frightened and run away. It has been found that so long as a horse's head is kept sufficiently elevated it is very difficult for him to kick up, or run very fast, (and this proves the unnatural state of a checked-up horse.) The "Jackson check" secures this elevation far more completely than does the usual check, hence its use on certain horses. And its effectiveness depends on its severity. I care not how severe measures are used to prevent accidents by unmanageable horses, provided the measures are the most effective and the least cruel; but I do think it a sin to keep a horse under constant torture while being driven, as a safeguard against something he has not done, and may not attempt, when a far more perfect and effectual safeguard is within reach of all, and one which puts the horse to neither suffering nor inconvenience except at the moment of his attempt to misbehave, and so soon as he returns to obedience the torture is entirely removed.

Such a safeguard and such a prevention of cruelty to animals has been perfected and patented by a Dr. Hartman of Millersville, Lancaster Co., Pa.; and I think Mr. Angell could not do a better thing for the suffering horse than to issue another tract setting forth the advantages of "Hartman's Patent Safety-Bridle." The reason it is not introduced more extensively is because of the cost of the right to use it. It has all the advantages of the "Jackson check" in a four-fold degree, and none of the disadvantages. By its use the most inveterate kicker can be driven with safety, and *cured*. A woman's strength is sufficient to manage the hardest-mouthed runaway in the country, and yet it is used with equal facility on the most tender-mouthed horses in the world. I hope the time will come when it will be seen on every spirited carriage-team in the country. To say nothing about broken limbs and loss of life, the amount of property it would save in one year would pay for putting it into

the hands of every horse owner in the land. As a description of it was given in the CIRCULAR (see Vol 5, No. 7), I will not again describe it, but close by giving a late illustration of its usefulness.

On the 9th of August last I was riding up the Oneida Valley with a woman and child, behind a spirited young horse. As I had a "safety bridle," I let the horse jog along with his head in a position of his own choosing. On approaching the village of Stockbridge we came suddenly upon a tannery situated in a hollow near the road. We were going down a little hill at the bottom of which was a bridge with no railings; on one side of the narrow road was a ditch, and on the other a high bank. Suddenly the wind blew a gust of the tannery stench right into our nostrils. Nothing terrifies a horse much more than the unaccustomed smell of a tannery. Our horse was terribly frightened, and owing to the nature of the ground, if I had been driving with the usual bridle and reins I should have been compelled to exhibit some first-class horsemanship to have prevented a tip-over and runaway. As it was, a slight jerk on the safety-rein instantly took the entire attention of the horse, to the seeming total oblivion of all other sensations, and he at once consented to jog quietly on.

D. E. S.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

Lockport, N. Y., Aug, 1872.

DEAR S. L. N.:—I beg pardon for writing directly to you, but your article on "True Happiness" did me so much good, it seemed almost as though it must have been written for me. I believe with you that the dark clouds have their value, yes, the greatest of values sometimes. For years I have been praying to be led to Christ, to find my strength, my rest, my peace in him. My nature is such that I have had to go through many terrible upheavals of heart to reach the light I now rest upon. I prayed sincerely for growth, and God has spared me no suffering which was necessary; at the same time he has scattered blessings in the shape of pleasure and happiness all along my path. I have learned many important lessons, and although things darken sometimes the darkness is only temporary, and is always followed by light and peace.

This is the darkest and most trying time of my life, as far as outside things are concerned; yet I feel such a surety that God will never leave nor forsake me, that I find myself happy and at rest, and enjoying my daily life.

The more I grow in the inner life the more strange it seems to me to see people about me indifferent to this and absorbed in money-making, dress, &c. Everything is conversed upon except the one good thing. This has been one of the "particular blessings" which I have felt the lack of, but I am growing quite happy in my silence. Although I feel I shall never get where I cannot enjoy all it is right and best to enjoy in the personal presence of those who are of like faith; yet I feel very deeply that God can and will steer my bark steadily and safely, and if it is necessary for us to walk by ourselves he will give us strength to do it and happiness in doing it.

The "Home-Talks" are rubies above price. Such a blessed work as the CIRCULAR is doing. "Seed Sowing" was especially interesting and instructive to me.

To act from inspiration, to come into such a union with Christ that no condemnation is felt, to live a life of the fullness of faith, these have been matters of great study and thought with me, especially of late.

With many thanks to you and all other contributors to the CIRCULAR. Yours in Christ.

K. S. P.

#### SETTLING THE INDIAN QUESTION.

During the building of the Union Pacific Railroad we had frequent accounts of attacks by hostile Indians on the working parties, along the line of the road, while the illustrated papers, with their full-page wood-cuts of track under guard, gave us the impression that the building of a large portion of the road was a prolonged conflict between the Indians and railroad men. The following paragraph from the *New York Bulletin*, indicates the adoption of a policy of conciliation on the part of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company which may be found to more effectually settle the Indian

question than cavalry raids and "extermination."

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company from the commencement adopted a policy of conciliation with the Indians, which has so far prevented all difficulties, and which is worthy of imitation by other companies. It inaugurated a system of obtaining supplies of fuel, food, and other articles from Indians, and of hiring them for such services of tending cattle and other work for which they might be fitted. Payment was always promptly made in cash or goods at cash value, and strict equity was always observed in the dealings with them. By these means the savages were converted from enemies into friends, and their interests were identified with the progress of the road. The country is so peaceable that unarmed men attached to the railroad company traverse the entire region between the Missouri and Red Rivers, and so far without molestation. Still more, six surveying parties are now operating between Montana and the Pacific without escort of any kind. The Company is fairly entitled to the merit of amicably settling for the United States Government, at once and forever, the Indian question on the most difficult and threatening portion of our frontier.

#### SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Experiments recently carried on in India have proved that coffee pulp will yield, upon distillation, nine per cent. of its own weight of spirit, equal in strength to Scotch whisky.

In connection with the speculations as to whether animal or vegetable germs in the air are productive of disease, Dr. Angus Smith offers the interesting suggestion, that possibly, on the other hand, they may bring life and vigor.

The best remedy for ivy poisoning is said to be sweet spirits of nitre. Bathe the parts affected with this fluid freely three or four times during the day, and the next morning scarcely any trace of poison will be found. If the blisters be broken, so as to allow the nitre to penetrate the cuticle, a single application will be sufficient; the spirits of nitre may be prepared by dissolving one part of nitrous ether in eight parts of common alcohol.

The Academy of Sciences and Belles Lettres of Caen has offered a prize of 4,000 francs, for a paper on "The part played by leaves in vegetation." *Nature* says, "What is wanted is an account of exact experiments and new facts, calculated to clear up, invalidate, confirm or modify the doubtful points in the received theories. Papers must be sent in before December 31, 1875, addressed to M. Travers, Secretary of the Academy, Caen."

In the choice of a foreign correspondent, the French *Académie des Sciences* has preferred M. Loewen of Stockholm to Charles Darwin, by a vote of 32 to 15. The discussion of the claims of the candidates extended over three long sittings in secret committee. A correspondent of *Les Mondes*, a member of the Academy, says: "What has closed the door of the Academy to Mr. Darwin is that the science of those of his books which have made his chief title to fame—the 'Origin of Species,' and still more the 'Descent of Man'—is not science, but a mass of assertions and absolutely gratuitous hypotheses, often evidently fallacious. This kind of public action and these theories are a bad example which a body that respects itself cannot encourage."

A writer in the *Dental Cosmos* says that he has for thirty years adopted the plan of obtunding or benumbing the extremities of the temporal nerves for painless extraction of teeth with complete success, never having used or countenanced the use of chloroform, ether, or nitrous oxide gas, for this minor surgical operation. The benumbing, mechanical anæsthesia of the temporal nerve-branches obtunds the whole nerve to a sufficient extent to allow the teeth to be removed, with sensation so slight that, if not attending a special surgical operation, it would scarcely be noticed by the patient. One or two modes may be adopted: by application of ice to the temples, which is somewhat distressing, the sensation of cold striking deeply; the other, to which he gives the preference, is done by an assistant; with each of his middle fingers pressing with persistent firmness into the fossa or hollow behind the ridge of the temporal bone, which forms the external bone circle orbit of the eye. Pres-

sure for one minute is all that is necessary. The practice is as simple as it is harmless, and leaves no unpleasant sensation to annoy the patient. The temporary pressure, with sufficient force, is all that is required to remove teeth painlessly.—*Good Health.*

#### LIMA AND OROYA RAILWAY IN PERU.

This road, which is to master the altitudes of the Andean chain, is building for 27,000,000 reals, by Henry L. Meiggs. Commencing at Callao, on the coast, it will cross an altitude of over 15,000 feet, and terminate at Oroya, 12,200 feet above the ocean. The center of supplies is at Yauli, at 14,000 feet altitude. Grading has been finished 18 miles, and the work of tunneling the crest of the Andes has begun from both ends, 1,400 Inca Indians being engaged on it. The tunnel will be 3,000 feet and elevated higher than the summit of Mont Blanc. It is distant from the western terminus on the Pacific only 60 miles. The gradient for the railroad is 211 feet per mile—called there a four per cent. grade. Forty miles from Callao, it has been necessary to resort to a V—a turn-table and switch, where the railroad takes an up grade in reverse direction for several miles, and again returns, forming almost a figure 8. The mule trail, by which materials are carried over, passes an altitude of 16,500 feet, amid a cluster of peaks covered with perpetual snow. It is hoped by this road to develop the silver wealth of the Cordilleras. With the exception of some coal rudely taken out and transported on the backs of llamas at \$25 per ton, nothing can be obtained for fuel except dried turf, "buffalo chips" (25 cents a sack), and dried llama dung. Such items will enable those unacquainted with the country to appreciate the fact that this work is one of the greatest events of the age.—*Sci. American.*

#### THE NEWS.

##### AMERICAN.

Diaz, the chief rebel against the Mexican Government, has disbanded his forces since the death of Juarez.

The steamer Metis, of the Providence and New York line, was struck by a schooner off Watch Hill, Rhode Island, on Friday last, and sunk. Seventy lives were lost.

The Attorney-General has decided that the Post-Office Department has no power to make a contract for the manufacture of the promised postal-cards; and hence we must wait for a special appropriation by Congress at the next session.

The Boston Coliseum has by no means terminated its musical career: a chorus of 25,000 Sunday-school children gave a concert in it on the 25th for the benefit of the House of the Angel Guardian; it has been bought by Gilmore of jubilee fame for \$30,000.

A late visitor, a station-agent from Washington, Ind., on the Ohio and Mississippi railroad, reports that the change from the wide to the common gauge made on that road last season was completed in just seven hours—distance 340 miles. Seven men were employed to the mile, or 2,380 on the whole line. This is no doubt the quickest time ever made on a job of this kind; many old railroad men thought it would take at least twenty-four hours to complete it.

The *Prairie Farmer* announces that S. T. Kelsey, whom it calls "the King of American tree-planters," has entered into a contract with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad Company to plant along the line of its railroad a quarter-section every ten miles, from Hutchinson to the western border of the State, the distance being in the neighborhood of 300 miles. He has eight years in which to accomplish the work. Mr. Kelsey is to furnish the stock, plant, and care for it. For his services the road deeds to him a section of land at each point of planting, the quarter-section to form a portion of it, and to be his property.

The following item about one of the presidential candidates is taken from the *Tribune* of Aug. 28th:

Victoria Woodhull appeared yesterday before Judge Loew in the Court of Common Pleas, and was examined as to her property on an order obtained by B. Meyers, a dry-goods merchant, who brought suit against her and obtained a judgment of the Court. Mrs. Woodhull stated to the Court that she was associated with her sister, Jennie C. Claflin and Col. Blood in the brokerage business. She said she was worth nothing, and added, that she did not even own the "clothes on her back;"

that the furniture in her office was borrowed; that she was the author of a work entitled "The Principles and Tendencies of Government," and was formerly one of the editors of *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*.

The *World* has some statistics about the projected West Shore and Chicago railroad. The length from Jersey City to Buffalo will be 410 miles—shorter than any competing route. Work is commenced at both ends and at intervening points. The tunnel at West Point will pass directly under the riding-school and parade-ground, and will be twenty-six feet high, and half a mile long. It will probably take nearly two years to construct the tunnel, as the rock is the hardest sienite and granite. Work is going on at both ends of the tunnel. At various points along the Palisades stone has already been quarried for culverts and abutments. The cost of the entire line is estimated at \$26,213,500. Europe furnishes the capital.

The Government Directors in the Union Pacific Railroad Company, having returned from their tour of inspection, expressed themselves pleased with the condition of the road, its equipments, &c. The preparations for the coming winter are expected to prevent any renewal of the snow blockade. Additional laboring forces have been provided, and sheds erected wherever snow troubles are likely to occur. The Government Directors also express their confidence that with proper management the road is capable of doing business enough to meet the mortgages of the Company and provide for the liquidation of the advances made by the Government. They say that the country tributary to the road is developing rapidly and everything promises well for the future, if some existing abuses can be removed and strict business management for the interest of the corporation is enforced.

##### FOREIGN.

Great preparations are making at Berlin for the approaching visit of the Emperors of Austria and Russia.

The reports from France respecting crops are favorable. It is estimated that she will be able to export 28,000,000 bushels of grain.

In the recent election in Spain the Government was generally victorious; but that does not deter the Carlists from planning another insurrection.

The papers say that the Geneva Tribunal has settled in principle the question of indemnity and decided approximately the amount to be awarded the United States; but it will be quite safe to await the authorized publication of the doings of the Arbitrators.

A notable personage has just died—Mr. Augustus Smith, King of the Scilly Islands, of which there are 140, although only six are inhabited. Mr. Smith was a wealthy and crotchety Englishman, who in regard to government had notions of his own which he wished to carry into practice, and so he became lessee of the Scilly Islands, under the County of Cornwall. He thus became King of about two thousand subjects, most of whom were a wretched lot of peasants, for the Islands are poor and unfruitful. With a court of twelve men he ruled the land, readjusted the relations of land and people, and attended generally to their moral, social and religious status, although in the latter item he was not very strict. He made the children go to school, and in every particular the inhabitants had to obey him almost as if they were slaves. Once he packed off all the residents of one of the islands, and turned it into a deer-park, but in recompense he gave the poor people better accommodations than they had ever had before. At first he was greatly disliked, but when the islanders came to see that his rule was wise and beneficent, and that they greatly improved under it, they learned to like and respect him, and at his death he was much regretted. This is probably the first king who has borne the name of Smith, at least in modern times, and it is not likely that he will have a successor to his title.—*The World.*

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#### PUBLICATIONS.

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*History of American Socialisms.* By John Humphrey Noyes. 678 pp. 8vo. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. London, Trubner & Co. Price \$3.00.

*The Trapper's Guide; a Manual of Instructions for Capturing Fur-bearing Animals.* By S. Newhouse. Third edition; with New Narratives and Illustrations. 215 pp. 8vo. Price, bound in cloth, \$2.00.

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MESSRS. TRUBNER & COMPANY, Book-sellers, Paternoster Row, London, have the *History of American Socialisms* and the *Trapper's Guide* for sale. They will receive subscriptions for our other publications.

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